

traster of the establishment arose, he missed the money, and a little inquiry demonstrated the fact that that \$1,100 had gone "where," in the elegant language of the late lamented James Fisk, Jr., "the woodline twelfth." The state of the atmosphere in that boarding-house can be better imagined than described—the fire was immediately extinguished, but as it had been under good headway for at least two hours, the store was as empty of money as a reporter's pocket-book.

THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

—BY—
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with
neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have
a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage
of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is
paid at this office.
Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year,
invariably in advance.

Should the paper suspend publication, from
any cause, during the year, we will refund the
money due on subscription, or furnish sub-
scribers for the unexpired term with any paper of the
same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited;
except those of saloon keepers and dealers in in-
teresting liquors, which we will not admit to our
columns under any circumstances.

All communications and contributions for pub-
lication must be addressed to the Editor.
Communications in regard to advertising and job
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

THE HERALD Printing company consists of
WALTER GARNER, Editor, J. P. BARRETT,
Business Manager, and JOHN L. CASE, Foreman
of Newspaper and Job Office.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1875.

JNO. P. BARRETT, Local Editor.

Sleet yesterday morning.

Prayer meeting to-night.

Good Temperance lodge to-morrow night.

Mite meeting at Mr. W. C. Chapman's
Friday night.

Lizzie Collins, a negro woman aged 108
years, died at Cardville, on the 3rd inst.

The county Assessor begins his listing
to-day.

Just received, a fine lot of prints, at 8
cents, at E. SMALL'S.

The boys and girls have been enjoying
"ladies of fun," for several days past, in
ekating.

Miss Emma Waynes will please accept
the thanks of the HERALD "press gang"
for her kindly present of Saturday.

The child of a colored couple named
Hathaway, in Davies county, was smothered
to death in bed one night last week.

The Louisville packets will heretofore
leave Owensboro at 10:30 o'clock every night.

Mr. Wm. Robertson, of Davies county,
had four daughters and one son to marry,
all during the same week, recently.

Intemperance and exposure caused the
death of Andrew Helmer, at Owensboro,
Thursday night.

The cold snap of the latter part of last
week was a godsend to the ice-harvesters.

Nearly all of our lawyers hied them off
to Calhoun last week, where the circuit
court is in session.

Twelve degrees below zero was the
register of the thermometer Friday night
at 12 o'clock. It registered nine degrees
at daylight Saturday morning.

Sin. King, the driver of the Hartford
and Beaver Dam stage, had both feet
severely frost-bitten during his return trip
Saturday afternoon.

Saturday, a brakeman on the down
train from Louisville, was discovered,
when near Muldraugh's Hill, to be very
nearly frozen to death. It took some
time and a deal of rubbing to restore the
circulation.

A protracted meeting under the auspi-
ces of our Baptist friends, will be inaugu-
rated in the course of three weeks. The
resident pastor, Elder Swindler, will
conduct the meeting, assisted by Elders
Coleman and Peay.

The regular stated meeting of the M.
& Z. Church, South, will be held next Sat-
urday and Sunday. It is hoped and ex-
pected that all the members of the church
will be prompt and regular in their at-
tendance.

Our local editor, who is "a limb of the
law," was absent for several days attend-
ing the Calhoun court, and left his de-
partment in charge of the "Devil," which
will account for its unusual excellence
this week.

The Mite Society met for the first time
this winter, on Friday night, at Dr. Z.
Wayne Griffin's. A goodly number of
young people attended, and we passed a
very enjoyable evening. Mr. Elijah Wil-
liams was elected custodian of the mites,
and had the pleasure of pocketing a neat
little sum. The society will meet next
Friday night at the residence of Mr. W.
C. Chapman.

To Whom It May Concern!
The members and friends of the Hart-
ford congregation of the Methodist Epis-
copal Church, South, are hereby earnestly
requested to meet at the Methodist
Church in Hartford on next Saturday
evening, January 16, at 7 o'clock, as busi-
ness of importance to said congregation,
as well as to the community will be trans-
acted.
B. A. CENDLER, Pastor.
January 11, 1874.

The first number of THE HERALD was
issued on the birthday of our charming
little friend, Miss Lizzie Walker. That
night she entertained her little playfellows
with a candy pulling, and, as we had also
selected the auspicious occasion as the
natal day of our paper, she sent us next
morning a charming little letter and lot
of candy of her own pulling. The letter
and the candy won our affections. We
are now Miss Lizzie's sweetheart.

Mr. Sam. K. Cox, our worthy county
clerk, had a streak of bad luck last week.
Two marriage licenses were returned to
him endorsed, "No property found." The
gals "kicked" in both instances. Sam.
doesn't know what to make of it. The
fact is, he uses the Belling form. They
were never known to stick. If he will
get us to print his license blanks we'll
warrant that half the young people in the
county will get married before the Fourth
of July.

Ascended.
William Wilson, who lived near Ros-
sine, in this county, was indicted by the
last grand jury for adultery with a widow
woman named Turner. Wilson confessed
judgment, and was fined \$150. Wilson
being a man of property, the sheriff con-
fided in his word that he would return to
town on last Monday and pay his fine.
The sheriff was called away from town,
and left the necessary papers with the
county clerk to fix matters up when Wil-
son presented himself. But Wilson failed
to come to time. Instead of keeping his
word with the too-confiding officer who
let him go home instead of locking him
in jail, he loaded up a wagon with his
household goods and the widow Turn-
er, and struck a bee-line for Tennessee.

Larceny of a Gun.
Thursday night, at Beaver Dam, a
shotgun was stolen from the store-room
of Samuels & Barber. A man named
Allen, who resides in the neighborhood of
Cromwell, and who was in Beaver Dam
on a spree with two other men, offered to
steal a gun of the description of the one
stolen to another party, that night or
next morning. This fact coming to the
ears of Samuels & Barber, they swore out
a warrant against Allen, and he was ar-
rested during the day Friday by town
marshal Blankenship, of Beaver Dam.
His examining trial before police Judge
Cooper, of that place, was to have been
held Saturday, but Allen's attorney, E.
D. Walker, Esq., of our town, obtained a
change of venue to Hartford, and the ac-
cused was brought to town late Saturday
evening and lodged in jail. He was
brought before Judge Gregory Monday,
but the party to whom he offered to sell
a gun, not being in court, the county at-
torney asked a postponement for a couple
of days in order to secure his attendance.
The request was granted, and the exami-
nation postponed until to-day. In de-
fault of bail the accused was remanded to
the custody of the jailer for safe keeping.

Why Not?
It does seem to us that a community
abounding in literary talent like that of
Hartford, could afford a literary society
or club. Our professional gentlemen are
above the average intellectually, many of
them are capital debaters, and all of them
good writers. We have many ladies who
can and do write charmingly. Our young
people growing up are studious in their
inclinations and habits. Literary culture
is a saving grace to any people. Ignorance
is the hot-bed of crime and immorality.—
Crime is almost unknown to cultivated in-
tellects, and vice scarcely ever obtains a
hold on an enlightened mind. By forming
ourselves into a society, to meet one
evening in each week, and debate ques-
tions, read sketches, essays, poems, etc.,
we not only could pass the time pleasantly,
but profitably. We would improve
and instruct each other, while we instructed
and amused those who came to hear us.
Why not organize a Lyceum? What
say you, everybody?

Attempt to Burn out of Jail.
Our county jail at present contains two
inmates—Chinn, charged with horse-
stealing, and Allen, accused of the larceny
of a gun. They occupied what used to
be known as the "debtor's room." Sunday
about noon, Mrs. Wise, the wife of the
jailer, heard a noise in the room that
aroused a suspicion that the prisoners
were attempting to escape. She called
Mr. Wise's attention to the noise, and he
promptly repaired to the room occupied
by the two men, gun in hand, and de-
manded to know what was up. Both
pleaded ignorance of anything unusual.
Allen was standing at the window evi-
dently on picket duty. Chinn was seated
at the fire and threw something he held
in his hand behind the grate as Mr. Wise
entered the apartment. The jailer asked
him what he was doing there. He replied,
"I was measuring to see how far down
this hole goes." "What was you measur-
ing it with?" "A straw," was the reply.
A quick glance around the room showed
him that a small iron rod that had been
fastened on the ceiling for some purpose
was missing. Presenting his gun at Chinn,
he demanded to know what it was that
he threw behind the grate. The pris-
oner declared that it was nothing. Mr.
Wise assured him that he would shoot
him if he did not produce whatever it was.
Chinn said that the jailer would not bear
tooling with, and fished out the missing
rod of iron. An examination of the pris-
oners disclosed the fact that the prisoners
were engaged in burning the casement,
with the heated iron, around where the
ends of the bars that secure the window
were fastened in it. Of course he removed
everything from the room that could be
put to a like use, and left the prisoners to
dream of the liberty they had begun work-
ing to attain a little too early in the day.

If Andrew Johnson had trampled the
constitution under foot like Grant; if he
had been guilty of one half the crimes and
usurpations of power that have covered
Grant's administration with infamy; he
would have been unceremoniously deposed
from office by the Radical Congress that
upholds Grant in his delirium. He came
from the wrong side of the Ohio.

If Mr. Buchanan Read were alive to-
day, he could blush over his rhyming glo-
rification of beasty Phil. Sheridan.

Mark Your Tools.
You can easily mark your name upon steel
by a process called etching. Coat over the
tools with a thin layer of wax or hard tallow,
by first warming it with a rubbing on the
wax; warm until it flows and let it cool.
When hard, mark your name through the wax
with a graver, and apply some aquafortis
(nitric acid); after a minute wash off
the acid thoroughly with water, warm the
metal enough to melt the wax, and wipe it off
with a soft rag. The letters will be found
etched into the steel.

Happy are the families where the gov-
ernment of parents is the reign of affec-
tion, and the obedience of the children the
submission of love.

The violet grows low and covers itself
with its own leaves, and of all flowers
yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is
humility.

Andy Johnson on Sheridan.
Nashville Special, Feb. 10, to the N. Y. Herald.
I have just had a talk with ex-Presi-
dent Johnson on the Louisiana imbroglio.
His responses to interrogatories propounded
by me, are of great interest. He said: "The
action of General Phil. Sheridan in ejecting the Louisiana Leg-
islature is a piece of high handed usurpa-
tion and is such it ought and will receive
the condemnation of the whole country.
It is subversive civil to military power.
It is an unwarrantable and unprovoked
departure from the organic law upon which
our republican government is founded.
This is a matter to be looked upon
from our sectional standpoint, but entire-
ly in a national light. There is but one
grave fault staring us in the face, and that
is enshrined in these words, 'unwarrant-
able usurpation of power.' The false
step taken by President Grant and Sheri-
dan has no precedent in the history of our
Government." Sheridan attempted to
create the same sort of devilment in Louisi-
ana when I was President, but I at
once cut short his outrageous and unwar-
ranted proceeding by peremptorily re-
moving him, by order of August 25, 1867,
from New Orleans to Fort Leavenworth,
and turned his command over to General
Hannock, who, on assuming command,
issued a proclamation or paper which was
satisfactory to the whole country, properly
setting forth that the military was sub-
servient to the civil law, all of which was
a direct opposition to Sheridan's policy.
General Hannock's policy won the respect
of the people, and with the departure
of Sheridan all agitation ceased, and
peace reigned. It was about the removal
of Sheridan that General Grant and
myself had a warm controversy, in
which it was believed by the whole
country that I got the better of him.
My Cabinet were astounded to remove
Sheridan from his then existing military
reputation. Some of them thought it
would never do to take such a stand.
The Cabinet was divided on the propo-
sition; but I told them that if it
turned the Government upside down
Sheridan nor any other General should
survive the civilizing war, and I trampled
ignominiously under foot. There is a par-
allel case to that which has just occurred
in Louisiana. It happened in Tennessee
in July, 1866.

"Many of the members of the Legisla-
ture here had absented themselves. Gen-
eral Hannock was induced to make applica-
tion to General Grant for authority to
aid in organizing the Legislature, which
was refused. I had no authority or power
whatever to interfere, the State having
exclusive jurisdiction over the matter,
that it interfere would be a usurpation of
power, placing the military above the
civil authorities, and in utter contempt
of the constitution and the laws. The
consequence was the affair was not long
after settled by the state authorities, and
there was no more trouble. People in the
South should act discreetly. Regarding
the Louisiana usurpation, Mr. Johnson
said that Grant and Sheridan should
be temperate in all they say and do, and
the people should look to the North and
West to come forward and aid in the
restoration of the government and constitu-
tional authority. The whole country is
justly indignant, and Louisiana will have
her wrongs righted."

SHERIDAN'S FORMER REMOVAL.
The following is the dispatch referred
to regarding the removal of Sheridan:
Washington, August 25, 1867.
Major General P. H. Sheridan will at
once turn over his present command to the
officer next in rank to himself and
proceeding without delay to Fort Leaven-
worth, Kan., will relieve Major General
Hannock of the command of the Depart-
ment of the Missouri.

U. S. GRANT,
Secretary of War ad interim.

The Old Story.
A Lexington correspondent of the Cour-
ier-Journal furnishes the following resume
of the facts attending the murder of Shaw
at Lexington by young Holloway. It will
be seen that it is but a repetition of the
old story, that dissipation—the throwing
away of good name, reputation, life itself
—was at the bottom of it all. Holloway,
belonging to a wealthy family, and being
tried at Lexington, was, of course, admit-
ted to bail.

The event of the last week has been the
shooting of Joseph Shaw, at the St. Nich-
olas Hotel, by a young Holloway, and his
subsequent trial and recognition on a
bail-bond of \$5,000, by R. G. Burton,
of Richmond, and Mr. Belinger, his
brother-in-law, and a Mr. Lyne of Hen-
derson, as his sureties, to answer at the
next term of the Fayette Circuit Court.
The tragical death of Shaw, who, not-
withstanding his faults, was a general
favorite, because of his amiable charac-
ter, his good-natured wit and Londonism,
excited a feeling of mingled surprise and
regret. It was difficult to identify such a
character with the unfortunate actor in
such a scene. On the other hand, Robert
Holloway, a young man not yet arrived
at the years of maturity, was not really
to be condemned. The examining trial
has taken place, and the facts fully elu-
cided. It is the old story in a new guise.
Women and wine did the mischief.
Both young men, it would seem, became
victims to the fascinations and allurement
of a scarlet woman calling herself Frank-
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culty months ago, and who appeared in
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and that she had communicated the men-
ace to him orally and by note. Her testi-
mony regarding the threats was corrobor-
ated by another of the same frail sister-
hood. It was also proved that Gus.
Shaw drank freely during the day, and
that when he entered the saloon and saw
young Holloway there, went out, and
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after which the shooting occurred. But
I will not dwell further on this unhappy
theme.

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by a process called etching. Coat over the
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by first warming it with a rubbing on the
wax; warm until it flows and let it cool.
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with a graver, and apply some aquafortis
(nitric acid); after a minute wash off
the acid thoroughly with water, warm the
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tion, and the obedience of the children the
submission of love.

The violet grows low and covers itself
with its own leaves, and of all flowers
yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is
humility.

POPULAR INDIGNATION.

Immense Indignation Meeting in New York.
New York, Jan. 11.—The indignation
meeting held in Cooper Institute to-
night to denounce the outrages against the
political rights of the people of Louisiana
was one of the most remarkable events of
the kind ever witnessed in this city, in
point of numbers and enthusiasm. The
doors were open half an hour before the
usual time. The rush was terrific, and
at a quarter past seven room could not be
had in the great hall.

THE MEETING CALLED TO ORDER.
August Belmont called the meeting to
order, and proposed Mayor Wickham as
chairman.

DISPATCH FROM GOV. McENERY.
Mr. Wickham took the chair and said
he had just been handed a dispatch from
our suffering brethren in the South, and
he asked their attention to it:

"Louisiana sends greetings to night.—
Her people will not be goaded into con-
flict with the United States troops. The
committee is preparing evidence to refute
the slanders of Sheridan that apply on the
moral support of our sister States to
restore to us, as American freemen, our
right of self government." [Immense ap-
plause.]

The reading of the dispatch, which
was signed by John McEnery, Governor,
and other officials was followed by im-
mense applause.

Wm. Cullen Bryant then addressed the
meeting. He said:

"The President has no right to inter-
meddle in the affairs of a State, save in
two cases, first to protect the State from
external enemies, and secondly on the application
of the Legislature, or the Executive
when the Legislature can not be convened,
to protect the State against domestic
violence. The wrong done has no possible
extenuation. I regard this question
solely as a solemn question of Constitu-
tional law. No matter who desired the
interference of the military, it should not
have been given but in the way of the
Constitution. Otherwise it is an act
from which no citizen has a right to
withhold his condemnation. It must be
rebelled the instant it is perpetrated.
The civil must be crushed in its infancy,
while its bones are yet in the gristle, and
before it becomes formidable, as a pre-
cedent.

These practices, which contemplate the
subjection of local politics to the Federal
authorities by the exercise of the military
power, must be denounced, must be
stopped, must be broken up forever.

A list of vice presidents was then read,
among whom was Wm. M. Dodge, White-
head Reid, Simon Sterne, Peter Cooper,
Wm. Cullen Bryant, Charles O'Connor,
and about seven others.

REMARKS OF MR. EVARTS.
Hon Wm. M. Everts, the next speaker,
was received with cheers. He said:

"The sole intervention of the Federal au-
thority within the province of State au-
thority is to suppress violence; and that
even it shall not assume except when
invited by the Legislature of the
State. And in no casual condition that
the Legislature is not in session can the
governor represent the legislature in the
demand, but only on the condition that
they cannot be convened. Now, then,
by the constitution of Louisiana, the Leg-
islature was in session, and the Governor
had no power, had no right, to represent
the State in any manner, and to call
the Federal authorities. It is only in in-
surrection, or that degree of violence
which approaches insurrection in effect,
that the constitution of the United States
has provided for this intervention, and it
only in support of such intervention
that the legislation of the Congress of
1795 and 1807 armed the President with
the authority. He thought the constitu-
tion set forth that, when a riot was im-
minent, a proclamation should be issued.
If, when the late election was held, armed
forces had initiated voters, then was the
time for the President of the United
States to interfere. This attempt to con-
trol the Legislature struck at the very
soul of republicanism form of government.
The people should know and teach their
rulers that all their officers were only in
their positions to act in accordance with
law.

Mr. Everts was followed by Hon James
S. Thayer, Hon Wm. E. Dodge, George
Ticknor Curtis and Ex-Governor Solomon,
after which the meeting adjourned.

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away of good name, reputation, life itself
—was at the bottom of it all. Holloway,
belonging to a wealthy family, and being
tried at Lexington, was, of course, admit-
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The event of the last week has been the
shooting of Joseph Shaw, at the St. Nich-
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next term of the Fayette Circuit Court.
The tragical death of Shaw, who, not-
withstanding his faults, was a general
favorite, because of his amiable charac-
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excited a feeling of mingled surprise and
regret. It was difficult to identify such a
character with the unfortunate actor in
such a scene. On the other hand, Robert
Holloway, a young man not yet arrived
at the years of maturity, was not really
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has taken place, and the facts fully elu-
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Both young men, it would seem, became
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shooting of Joseph Shaw, at the St. Nich-
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derson, as his sureties, to answer at the
next term of the Fayette Circuit Court.
The tragical death of Shaw, who, not-
withstanding his faults, was a general
favorite, because of his amiable charac-
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excited a feeling of mingled surprise and
regret. It was difficult to identify such a
character with the unfortunate actor in
such a scene. On the other hand, Robert
Holloway, a young man not yet arrived
at the years of maturity, was not really
to be condemned. The examining trial
has taken place, and the facts fully elu-
cided. It is the old story in a new guise.
Women and wine did the mischief.
Both young men, it would seem, became
victims to the fascinations and allurement
of a scarlet woman calling herself Frank-
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culty months ago, and who appeared in
court and swore that Shaw had repeat-
edly threatened the life of Holloway, the
last time on the very day of the shooting,
and that she had communicated the men-
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THE HERALD.

THE BALLAD OF BREAKNECK.

BY MISS M. C. FIFE.

The sun shines on the mountain crest
Far down the valley the shadows fall;
All crimson and gold is the glowing west,
And whirling and sparkling the eagles call.
The good ship lingers with a falling sail;
The sailors are singing, "Away! away!"
We must stem the tide ere the north wind fall;
The night and the breeze brook no delay."

The young maid lingers upon the strand
Near a dusky maiden with flushing cheek;
In his broad brown palms he holds her hand,
And eager and low in the words they speak.
"Weep not, Nekema; I shall return;
Wait for me on the mountain side;
When the woods in their autumn glory burn,
I shall come again to claim my bride."

Slowly the Indian lifts his head;
Dry is his cheek, clear his eye;
"Nekema will wait on the mountain side;
The son of the pale face cannot lie;
Seeking the sails on the stream below,
Under the shade of the tall pine tree,
When the beeches are gold and the snatches glow."

From the mountain-top I shall wait for thee,"
The sailors are calling; the broad sails flap;
From his neck Dirk loses his great gold chain.
Flings the gleaming links in Nekema's lap.
The stout aboriginal to the rowers' strain,
Till the small boat reaches the vessel's side,
When he turns to Nekema, smiling still,
Said, but calm in her savage pride.

Sails the ship under high Cro' Nest,
Wearing and tacking in Myrtles' Reach,
While Dirk looks back with a man's unrest,
And Nekema lingers upon the beach.
Fades the sails in the distance;
Looms the mountain hazy and tall;
Dirk watches still from the vessel's deck,
And the girl moves not, though the night-dews fall.

"He comes! he comes!" From the wigwags near,
Gather the braves and squaws again;
The men are decked with arrow and spear,
And the women of wampum and feathers vain.
Fleeced in the river with light canoe,
 Laden with gifts for the welcome guest;
The spoils of the chase let him freely choose;
Close to the ship are the frail birch pressed.

Brown and still as a bronze relief,
Shyly Nekema keeps her place
Behind her father, the Ahwah chief,
Who, plumed and tall, with a painted face,
Grasping a spear in his nervous hand,
Looking in vain one face to see,
Turns and nifters his proud demand;
"Dirk! Bracken comes not; where lingers he?"

"Dirk sits in Holland," the sailors say;
"He has wedded a dame of wealth and state;
He sails no more for many a day—
God send us all like happy fate!"
Dark grows the brow of the angered sire;
On the white man lie like a Haron knave!
The eyes of the maiden burn like fire,
But her men is steady, her words are brave.

From her bosom she drags the great gold chain;
Dashed at the captain's feet it lies:
"Take back to the traitor his gift again;
Nekema has learned how a pale face lies!"
Proudly she steps to her light canoe;
Bends her paddle at every stroke;
The graceful bark o'er the waters flows,
Nor wist they a woman's hand had broke.

Up the mountain Nekema flies;
Stands in the path of the shade again;
Sees the scene with her wide wild eyes;
No one like a creature in mortal pain.
The dark cloud crowd round the mountain's peak;
Caw the crows on the bonnie o'er head;
The great timber head, and the branches creak—
"Ah, why do I live? He is false!" she said.

A shriek is heard through the gathering storm;
A rushing figure darkens the air;
On from the cliff springs a slender form,
And a maiden's grief lies buried there.
Towers the gray crag firm and high;
Drips the blood from its rugged side;
Loose and shrill is the eagle's call;
O'er the mountain's peak the angry tide lie.

But the storm king comes to old Cro' Nest,
Where the pine-trees wave the haaze
crows call,
Though the Mohawk sleeps 'neath that rocky
crest,
While the leaves on his ruined useless fall.
To-day on the Hudson sailing by,
Under the shadow of Breakneck Hill,
We tell the legend, and hear a sigh,
Where Nekema's memory lingers still.

grade, we shall be prompt to call a halt,
and to learn earnest inquiry as to what
to do. It should be found by compar-
ing notes with our neighbors that ex-
clusive corn-growing was the cause of our
trouble, we should take a new track. If
it should prove to be an attempt to grow
wheat, or any other special crop that
caused the failure, we should cast about
to see just what our farms, and our loca-
tions to markets, require that we should
do.

Friends, we repeat again what we have
often said in the Farmer: information about
our business, and upon kindred top-
ics, lies at the bottom of success. Suc-
cess was never secured without it, except
in rare cases of force of circumstance.
We must, above all, have reliable infor-
mation about our business affairs, and
how can we have it, except we carefully
collate it, and compare it, and weigh it?
Open your accounts on the 1st of Jan-
uary, keep the items. It will prompt
you to look carefully after the little de-
tails, and save much that is now wasted.

A New Horse Disease.
A correspondent of the Farmer's Home
Journal writes thus of a new disease
among horses near Harrodsburg, Ky.
The first cases at occurred in Mercer
county were at Mr. T. C. Coleman's, and
K. E. Coleman's of Fairview Stock-farm;
and both these gentlemen lost several val-
uable animals during the summer. Suc-
cessful treatment of the disease was
found. The disease appears to be a kind
of distemper, which first effects the horse's
throat and nose, and if not arrested in
time, progresses into the lungs, when it is
then considered as past all cure. This
distemper is much more common and fa-
tal than the old, well-known distemper
that effects all young horses, and is also
considered much more troublesome than
epizootic, although not so contagious.
Mr. A. S. McCann has, within the last
few weeks, lost several fine horses from
it, and now has others under treatment.

The only remedy yet tried by these
gentlemen which appears to be followed
by any beneficial results is a very strong
croton oil blister applied to the throat,
which, in most cases, has been attended
with speedy relief and ultimate cure.
The first symptoms of the disease, as Mr.
McCann states, is the horse's manifest
desire for water and inability to swallow.
Said he: "I observed a horse of mine
standing in a branch for some time, fre-
quently putting his mouth to the water,
but never swallowing any. This going to
the branch and trying to drink was re-
peated for several days before I noticed
a swelling in the throat, when I im-
mediately began the blister treatment, and
in twenty-four hours the horse was able to
drink, and is now nearly well."

The disease differs from ordinary dis-
tempers in several respects, and is no
doubt new in ages, as it attacks young
horses or colts as well as the old work
horses or brood-mares. It has not made
much progress in this country as yet, but
appears to be slowly progressing through
the northern portion.

Treatment of Winter Apples.
When the apples are put away in the
cellar, many think the work is done, ex-
cept bringing them out again to eat; but
it is a mistake. They should be carefully
overhauled every two weeks, and the
spoiled ones picked out and used, while
the sound ones will keep the longer. I
never take offense at having a dish of
apples set before me that have been
washed off nicely and the decayed specks
cut out. It rather impresses me favor-
ably with the good judgment of the host
and hostess that offer them. These are
the apples that are ripe and good. All varieties
that have a tendency to shrivel, when in
barrels or boxes, should be laid on the
ground in the cellar on some clean straw
or a little dry lime strewn upon the
ground will prevent their getting injured
or spoiling so early.

Many varieties, when ripe, are not all
ripe, are ripened up quickly by bring-
ing into a warm room a few days before
needed. With all the destruction of the
borer, I do hope the time is not far
distant when a dish of nice apples will ever
be a part of the entertainment of the long
evenings of winter, a thing we have a faint
recollection of in years gone by, but so
long ago that we almost forget how it
went.—*Rural World.*

Hitherto it has been the custom to
consult only in a partial degree the wis-
dom or necessities of the farmer in the
matter of political contests, but, thanks to the
grange movement, a better day has
dawned, as will be seen by the following
which we copy from a recent issue of the
Lexington Daily Press: "We have no
disposition to find fault with the (Ky.)
State Central Committee, believing it to
be composed of gentlemen anxious to do
what is best for the people of the State
generally, and not unmindful of the in-
terests of the Democratic party; but we
think the objection of the Courier-Journal
to the time set for the calling of the Con-
stitutional convention is well taken. It is
a pity to keep the candidates in agony for
quite so long a time; but the gravest ob-
jection is that in May the farmers will be
more busy than in the previous months,
and more will have much difficulty in at-
tending the convention. We think it will
be admitted that the farmers have an in-
terest in the next gubernatorial nomi-
nation, and will take an active part in it.
If any one is foolish enough not to believe
it, he will have his eyes opened about the
time the convention meets."—*[Farmer's
Home Journal.]*

THE GRANGERS.
Items Gathered from Various
Sources, that are of Interest to
the Farmer-Homestead.

A "Grange Land and Immigration
Company" has commenced operation in
Arkansas.
The directors of the grange warehouse
at Delavan, Wis., announce the reports of
extravagance in its management and mis-
appropriation of funds a malicious slander.
It was shown at the Iowa State Grange
that there were now 2,000 Grangers in
that State, an increase over last year of
162, and that 169 smaller Granges have
been consolidated with others.
In May, 1865, the first Grange was
organized in Washington city. The next
was that at St. Paul, Minnesota, six years
ago. Now there are more than 21,000
Granges, with a membership of 1,300,000.
Cherokee County Council, Texas, urges
Patrons everywhere in the cotton-growing
State to ascertain as soon as the ginning
season is over, how much cotton has been
put up at each gin, and report the statistics
to the National Grange, in order to
put it out of the power of speculators to
control the price of cotton to suit them-
selves.
The Monthly Bulletin of the National
Grange, for January, 1875, says that the in-
crease of new granges for November was
354, and the total number organized up
to that time was 21,572. The Bulletin
also gives the times of meetings of State
granges yet to be held, as follows: Arkan-
sas, fourth Wednesday in January; Col-

ado, second Tuesday in January; Kansas,
third Tuesday in February; Georgia,
third Wednesday in January; Illinois,
second Tuesday in December; Iowa, sec-
ond Tuesday in December; Maine, second
Tuesday in March; Massachusetts, sec-
ond Tuesday in December; Michigan,
third Tuesday in January; Nebraska,
third Tuesday in December; New Hamp-
shire, December 15, New Jersey, Janu-
ary 19; New York, second Tuesday in Jan-
uary; North Carolina, third Wednesday
in March; Ohio, second Tuesday in
March; South Carolina, third Wednesday
in February; Tennessee, third Wednes-
day in February; Virginia, second
Wednesday in January; W. Virginia,
second Thursday in Jan.; Wis., Jan. 5.

A lady of Walnut Creek (Kansas)
Grange put a rod in pickle for the men—
some of whom are not slow to urge the
women to more active participation in
grange work. She has a letter to the effect
that there has been a great deal said in the
grange about women not doing their part
in working or talking. As for work, the
women do more than the men, for at home
they have the work to do in the house,
and a large share of the men's work to
do, such as planting corn and setting out
hedge and, if they have a walk or a garden,
I am sure they have to build them, and
are laughed at about their work. In fact,
the farmers' wives and daughters do all
kinds of work, except to plow, and they
can't hold the plow! As to talking, we
have no more to say than that, when they
get done there is no time for us, and we
have to write a little pretty thing called
an essay, and which they often ask to
see, and then they will put it in their
coat pocket and lose it, if they can, for
they know it is better than they can do."

The journals in relation to the Patrons
of Husbandry had no chance to say that
the short-cutting of an individual or
office here and there. The wonder
really is that so an extensive organization
should have escaped with so little of
fraudulent endeavor. In relation to the
defalcation of the State treasurer, Quimby,
of Missouri, the Executive Commis-
sioner, which has lately closed its session,
has deposed the defaulting officer; has
taken mortgage upon everything he has
got, and claim that they will eventually
recover all the money which had gone
into his hands—about \$20,000. There
will be no criminal prosecution, but the
defalcation of the treasurer of the commis-
sioner of the States that during the
week they have contracted with Eastern
manufacturers for a great quantity of farm-
ing machines and implements at whole-
sale prices for the use of the Missouri
Patrons next spring.—*Western Rural.*

THE WIND'S WHISPER.

BY A. D. H.

The Fire was talking in his sleep. Do
you know how that could be? Listen,
don't you hear the faint little crackle, that
delicate snap under the big log? But this
is an old-fashioned fireplace, where the
pile the great logs on one another, and
then the blaze goes leaping and roaring
up the chimney, carrying all the heat
with it, 'tis true. But that has nothing
to do with my story.

If the Fire hadn't been asleep, it would
not have been so much of a dreamer, and
it would not have been so much of a
dreamer. And what do you think that was?
Why, all about what Santa Claus had
been putting into those little stockings in
the chimney. Fortunately, there was no
listener but the big pink Shell that lay on
the hearth. The Shell listened, and then
moaned and sighed, till the Fire opened
one little red eye and then snapped out:
"What is the matter, Shell? Why do
you moan and sigh?"

"Ah," said the Shell, "you were talk-
ing of the merry Christmas Eve, and it
made me think of the last night I was on
the seashore."
The Shell sighed again, and the Fire
opened another red eye, saying:
"Tell me about it."

"You never saw the sea," said the
Shell, dreamily. "You do not know how
the white waves dash against the rocks,
how the wind howls over the water.
You cannot think how grand and
awful, and yet how beautiful, is the
sea. The last time I saw it the waves
were half asleep and the moonbeams
danced among the ripples. Ah! it was
long ago on that Christmas Eve."
"How did you know it was Christmas
Eve?" asked the Fire, sleepily, for it was
dozing again.

"The Wind told me so," sighed the
Shell, and the Fire turned gray and went
quite to sleep. The Shell felt lonely, and
wished itself back by the dear old sea.
It sighed so mournfully that the Wind
heard it and stole down the chimney,
softly, that it should not wake the Fire.
It crept into the moaning Shell and kissed
it so lightly and lovingly that it brought
back the sea-side memories more vividly,
and the poor, lonely Shell sobbed like a
tired child.

"Why are you sad, pretty Shell?" asked
the Fire.
"I was lonely, so lonely," answered the
Shell; "the Fire does not know my dearest,
and cannot tell me of the things I love.
But I am not sad now, dear Wind, for you
are here to comfort me. Tell me one of
your pretty stories, as you used to do
among the rocks by the sea."
The Wind hummed a little song, and
kissed the shell again before it commenced.
"Do you know that to-night is Christ-
mas Eve? I remember the first Christ-
mas Eve; it happened a long, long time
ago. 'Where was I?' In a far off land,
one that you never saw; it is far on the
other side of the sea you love. It is a beau-
tiful land, I think, and I have heard
my dear old Father tell me of it well.
'Do I think so?' Yes, I do, for the
hills and valleys of that country are
what you never see elsewhere. Let me
tell you what it was. I had kissed all
the flowers goodnight, and peeped at the
dear little birds asleep in their nests, and
then I went to sleep among the hills.
After awhile I waked. It seemed that
I heard once more the song of the morn-
ing stars. You have seen the sun coming
up from behind the sea, with his flaming
banners and quivering beams of light, but
you never saw such a sight as I did that
night; for the Angel of the Lord came
down, and the glory of God lighted up
the land. Then there came a throng of
angels down from heaven, and they sang
together till all the land was filled with
melody, and the glorious harmony rose to
the very stars. Oh! it was like that
mighty song that rose when the earth
was pure and fresh, when all things sang
praise to Him that made them."
"Sing me the song of the angels!"
"I can not, dear Shell; only God's an-
gels can sing it, but I might their words
and remembered them."

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, good will towards men."
Once more the Wind kissed the Shell,
and then soared upward into the gray
dawn of a Christmas morning, caroling.
"Glory to God in the highest."
Through the window crept the rays of
the morning sun, whispering gently:
"Peace on earth, good will towards men."

HALCYON HOURS.

There was no flock in all the blue
of the sky, no bird in the air,
And, wave by wave, the waters drew;
Unmolested, a peaceful breath;
A blessed calm was on the shore,
A radiant glow upon the sea,
The trouble of the world was o'er,
And life's unrest had ceased to be.

The anguish of the tortured breast,
The bitter pangs of doubt and fear,
These were but phantoms of unrest,
That made the sunshine triply dear;
The gleaming light of tear-light eyes
There were no longer tears to fill;
Sorrow was lost in glad surprise—
It was not sadness made us still.

The life of that one hour to live,
That one to hold, the rest to lose
We were content, though clouds might give
The future all its rainbow hues;
A tender joy was all our own,
Naught else had in it a place or part—
Love touched the heart with sweetest tone
The clouds of sorrow in the heart.

And when the hard awakening came,
The dream had glided from the sleep;
Our lives are brighter for the flame
That, unquenched, our memories keep;
The angels of the hours we knew
Are those that haunt the memory's door,
As those that mock the painters draw
Smile out of solid heavens of gold.

**The Style at Washington Wed-
dings.**
The English fashion has become uni-
versal in Washington in conducting wed-
dings. Greenhouses are done away with,
and ushers take their places. As these
last are essential to the number of eight,
the supply of available and available young
men would be exhausted if eight more
were necessary as groomsmen. Besides
the effect of the crowd on the bride, the
girls' pretty dresses are not marred by
the intermingling of black coats.
Gentlemen ought to rejoice that they do
not have to go through the trying ordeal
of kneeling around a chancel in full view
of hundreds of eager, curious eyes behind
the glass of the observation box, and
for the sake of scenic effect. The float-
ing drapery of the bride's dress appears
to even greater advantage when the
fair wearers kneel in graceful postures,
than the men look ridiculous with their
coat-tails trailing the steps, and the
soles of their boots turned up in the air.
At a glance the observation can easily tell
if those boots are old or new, and the num-
ber worn. So groomsmen are things of
the past, and the best man has only to
stand by the groom until he receives the
bride. The ushers, after seating the
guests, walk up the aisles of which they
have charge, after the bride party enter,
and take side seats.

A Minister Drunk at the Commu- nion Table.

Cincinnati Special, 25th, to Chicago Tribune.
There was a stunning sensation to-day
in one of our high-toned Episcopal
churches (St. John's) on the occasion of
the Christmas service and communion.
The pastor of this church, the Rev. C. D.
Davidson, died recently, and his place had
not yet been supplied. To-day another
minister of Covington, had been secured
to officiate. Unfortunately, the latter
gentleman had partaken rather freely of
eggnog and wine going to the church, and
was still, when he got there he did not
know the jug of communion wine, drink-
ing long and often of the rich juice of the
grape. He managed to get through the
formal services decently, but by the time
he commenced on his Christmas sermon,
the mixture of eggnog and wine had so
worked upon his brain that he was badly
"off" and wandered sadly. He rambled
around, jumping from one topic to another
in such a way that all could see that
the man was drunk. At last, when the
thing became unbearable, the Wardens
gave the signal, and the congregation, a
small one, got up quietly and left with
dignity, leaving the minister to talk to
empty benches.

The violet grows low and covers itself
with its own tears, and of all flowers
yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is
humility.

ALONZO TAYLOR,
Fashionable Barber and Hair Cutter,
HARTFORD, KY.

Shop, on Market street, two doors north of
the Crow House. nol 17

L. J. LYON,
Dealer in

Groceries and Confectioneries.
HARTFORD, KY.
Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment
of all kinds of Groceries and Confectioneries,
which he will sell low for cash, or exchange
for all kinds of goods.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.
I will also pay the highest cash price for
hides, tallow, eggs, butter, bacon, poultry,
beans, etc. nol 15

GEO. KLEIN & BRO.
HARTFORD, KY.

Dealers in house furnishing goods, for general
clothing and table use.

We keep constantly on hand, the celebrated
Arizona Cooking Stove,
seven sizes for every coal or wood. House-
keepers are delighted with its superior cooking
and baking. It has no equal anywhere. Call
and see for yourself.

TINWARE.
All kinds of tinware made and repaired on
short notice.

E. SMALL'S
TRADE PALACE,
HARTFORD, KY.

Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
Gents and boys custom made

CLOTHING.
A No. 1 stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
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I also keep a large and well selected stock of
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All kinds of
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Bought at the highest market price.

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claims. Office in the courthouse.

FOGLE & SWEENEY,
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Will practice their profession in Ohio and
adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.
Office on Market street, near courthouse.

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(Formerly County Judge.)
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Will practice in all the courts of Ohio county
and the circuit courts of the 5th judicial dis-
trict. Office on Market street, near courthouse.

JOHN P. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Real Estate Agent,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

Prompt attention given to the collection of
claims. Will buy, sell, lease, or rent lands or
mineral privileges on reasonable terms. Will
draw deeds, mortgages, leases, &c., and at-
tend to listing and paying taxes on lands be-
longing to non-residents.

F. P. MORGAN, O. C. WEDDING,
MORGAN & WEDDING,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

(Office west of courthouse over Hardwick &
Nall's store.)
Will practice in inferior and superior courts
of this commonwealth.
Special attention given to cases in bank-
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take depositions correctly will be ready to
oblige all parties at all times.

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Will practice in Ohio and adjoining counties,
and in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky. nol 15

D. H. FRENCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Real Estate Agent,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

Prompt attention given to the collection of
claims. Will buy, sell, lease, or rent real estate or
mineral privileges on reasonable terms. nol 15

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WALKER & HUBBARD,
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and Real Estate Agents, nol 1a

E. P. BARNETT,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
HARTFORD, KY.

Would respectfully announce to the people
of Ohio county that he is prepared, at all times,
to do any kind of surveying, running lines,
laying off lands and lots, &c., at short notice.
Terms reasonable and to suit time. nol 2m

J. F. COLLINS
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES,
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BLACKSMITH,
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All kinds of Blacksmithing done in good
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HORSE-SHOING.
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DEALERS IN

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Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange
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Dealer in
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Fine Toilet Soaps, Fancy Hair and Tooth-
brushes, Perfumery and Fancy Toilet
Articles, Trusses and Shoulder
Braces.

Garden Seed.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs,
Letter-paper, Pens, Ink, Envelopes, Glass,
Putty, Carbon oil, Lamps and Chimneys.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately com-
pounded. nol 15

Notice,
The Ohio Co. council, P. of H., will meet at
the Court-house, in Hartford, on the 25th day
of January, 1875, at 10 o'clock a.m. All dele-
gates are expected to attend, as there will be
important business to attend to.

By order of
STEPHEN WOODWARD, O. & P. O.

B. P. BERRYMAN,
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HARTFORD, KY.

Coats, Pants and Vests cut, made and re-
paired in the best style at the lowest prices.
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Opposite the Courthouse
HARTFORD, KY.

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Comfortable rooms, prompt attention,
and low prices. The traveling public are respect-
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Every exertion made to render guests comfort-
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Vaught & Hudson also run a stage twice a
day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morn-
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road. Passengers set down wherever they de-
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Dealers in staple and fancy
DRY GOODS,
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Shoes, Hats and Caps. A large assortment
of these goods kept constantly on hand, and will
be sold at the very lowest cash price. nol 15

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All kinds of coffin trimmings constantly on
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Keep a fine hearse always ready to attend
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lar attention given to plow sticking.
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